knights and caterers, bringing them together in one common enterprise, objectionable to none and profitable to all. The politician has an opportunity to demonstrate his culture, to convey an impression of himself turning with relief from wearisome, and often distasteful, public duties to celebrate higher things; the professor or clergyman is exhilarated by making personal contact with the great and the famous; the aspiring knight associates himself with a cause which, perhaps helped out by a contribution to party funds, has often received recognition in Honours' Lists, and the caterer caters. They march in procession, make speeches, pay one another compliments, easily finding *m* the poet they are celebrating lines to their purpose, making him sportsman, countryman, patriot, gentleman, democrat, according to the exigencies of the moment. Flags are unfurled, wreaths carried and deposited; top-hats gleam in the sunshine, and dull applause resounds when large meals have been eaten.

Each generation gets, as well as the Government, the Shakespeare it deserves. He is assimilated by each successive phase of human folly; a process which is facilitated by the fortunate chance that little is known about his life, and that his works are so comprehensive that even temperance reformers can find sustenance in them. To Victorian critics like Dowden, he had every Victorian virtue, including financial and social success; when he died, Anne Hathaway 'smoothed the pillow beneath his head for the kst time, and felt that her right hand had been taken from her.' With the publication of *The*

Portrait of Mr. W. H., the Sonnets came into their own, and homosexuals were heartened to feel that there was no *prima facie* reason why they should not have written *Hamlet.* In the heat of 1914 a professor indignantly asserted that Germans might occupy Belgium, but 'Shakespeare shall never be theirs*; when this heat was spent, pacifists claimed him, though without endorsing FalstafFs statement of their case—'What is that word honour ? air, who hath it ? he that died o' Wednesday.' FalstafFs pacifism, like Rabelais', has rarely appealed to pacifists. After Freud, it was inevitable